King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'le not vndertake
A maried life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her, by no meanes can I get.
2. *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord?)
king. Fayth, by no meanes; she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber; that t'is impossible:
One twelue Moones more shee'le weare *Dianas* liuerie:
This by the eye of *Cinthya* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.
3. *knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.
king. So, they are well dispatcht:
Now to my daughters Letter; she telles me heere,
Shee'le wedde the stranger Knight,
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light:
T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: Soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Peri. All fortune to the good *Symonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am behoulding to you
For your sweete Musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fedde
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.
Peri. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
king. Sir, you are Musickes maister.
Peri. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)
king. Let me aske you one thing:
What do you thinke of my Daughter, sir?
Peri. A most vertuous Princesse.
king. And she is faire too, is she not?
Peri. As a faire day in Sommer: woondrous faire.

king.

king. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Maister,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Peri. I am vnworthy for her Scholemaister.
king. She thinkes not so: peruse this writing else.
Per. What's here, a letter that she loues the knight of?
T'is the Kings subtiltie to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed so hie, to loue your Daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
king. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Peri. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.
king. Traytor, thou lyest.
Peri. Traytor?
king. I, traytor.
Peri. Euen in his throat, vnlesse it be the King,
That cals me Traytor, I returne the lye.
king. Now by the Gods, I do applaude his courage.
Peri. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:
I came vnto your Court for Honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accountes of mee,
This Sword shall prooue, hee's Honours enemie.
king. No? heere comes my Daughter, she can witnesse

Enter Thaisa.

Peri. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry Father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence?